

Be Joyful

YOU'D better be joking than hickering or croaking, you'd better be saying that life is a joy, then folks will praise you and bless you and say you're a peach and a brock of a boy. You'd better be cheery, not brooding and dreary, from the time you get up till you go to your couch; or people will hate you and roast and berate you—they don't like the man with a hangover grouch. You'd better be leaving the glooming and grieving to men who have woes of the genuine kind; you know that your troubles are fragile as bubbles, they are but the growth of a colicky mind. You'd better be grinning while you have your fun, or when a real trouble is racking your soul, your friends will be growling. "He always is howling—he wouldn't touch you with a twenty-foot pole." You'd better be pleasant; if sorrow is present, there's no use in chaining it fast to your door; far better to shoe it, and hoot and pursue it, and then it may go and come back never more.

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WALT MASON.

Fight

FIGHT for economy and efficiency in public service;
For the merit system in the civil service, including the police and fire departments;
For equitable taxation;
For a clean ballot;
For the protection of our boys and girls from evil influences in city life as far as possible;
For enforcement of laws against public vice;
For enforcement of the laws against public gambling;
For enforcement of the laws regulating the sale of liquor and habit forming drugs;
For improvement of streets and sidewalks;
For open bidding on contracts for public work;
For extending the city's parks and parkways;
For the Mesa Scenic Drive and Mesa Scenic Park;
For thorough sanitation, and conservation of the public health, including Chihuahuas and including babies;
For fair treatment to the Mexican population;
For general improvement of conditions of living throughout Chihuahua;
For more schools for Chihuahua;
For thorough industrial and vocational training in the schools, including Chihuahuas;
For systemizing public charity and relief work, in the direction of greater efficiency, greater economy, and wider usefulness;
For effective regulation of all public utilities in the direction of better public service;

For abating all nuisances;
For an end to the alliances that aim to promote the interests of one section, and hinder another;
For wider facilities for public education and public recreation;
For greater safety of citizens and their property;
For improving conditions of labor;
For cheaper water service to the public, to be made possible by greater economy and efficiency of operation and more equitable distribution of the burden of maintaining the supply;
For a well lighted city;
For a clean city (all the city, not merely the business center);
For a beautiful and comfortable city;
For legitimate promotion of new industries and new railroads;
For promoting more cordial international relations;
For a free bridge and straight boulevard to Ciudad Juarez;
For a City Plan for the future, that shall lay the foundation for the great city that is to be;
For modern methods in municipal government;
For publicity of all governmental matters;
For strict auditing and accounting of all departments, including the water-works;
For business methods in all things;
For cheaper fire insurance rates;
For the Open Door to greater opportunities;
For strict accountability to the people in all details of city management;
For high ideals of what a city ought to be;
For unselfish public service;
For ending the reign of favoritism;
For free discussion, and full public participation in government;
For full recognition of the principle that the executive and legislative officers of the city represent all the people, and not one faction.
Fighting for these things is fighting that is worth all its costs.

The old fashioned woman's idea of resting was to change her work. She sat down to darn stockings and rest, or she got her Bible lesson or nursed her baby or knit winter socks while she rested. Resting was getting off her feet. Today a woman has to buy herself 20 kimonos and caps and go off to an expensive sanatorium and have a trained nurse give her the milk cure, to rest up.

Cherries In Season

FRESH CHERRIES and peaches in midwinter, they say we shall have, by way of the Panama canal, as one more evidence of the good the ditch is to do for the world. That's no good. Cherries in June and July, peaches in July and August. Each season to its own joy. A joy all the year round becomes a burden that rides us. Joys must not be too continual. They must be scattered. Cherries for six weeks in summer and how high and sharp a peak of joy goes up to them. If one could have baked potatoes only for a few weeks in November, what feasting there would be in honor of the delicious spud. Because we have it every day, we never perfectly drain the joy of a good potato, but because we have a cherry season we have the fun of anticipation, realization and remembrance, especially if we have a cherry tree to watch the fruit ripen and can gather fresh and plentifully and any time of day.

Providence has kindly arranged for the watermelon to ripen in the very hottest, thirdest weather, when its wetness and tempered sweetness and crispness make eating it a degree of perfect bliss. Watermelon in January is rapid, insipid. The cherry in June is a perfect cup, light, bright, slightly acid, delicious; the peach in August is delight for thirder weather, it is a longer cup, juicier, more acid, a bigger, heavier drink, and is exactly fitted for August. Coming thus so perfectly, these fruits, the cherry and the peach, have so perfectly pleased man that he uses them for similes for his best girl.

Cherries in June for the eating, and all the year around for poetical purposes only.

A Lovell, Massachusetts, church has installed an organ with a note lower by one octave than ever was in any organ before. The note has been described as an awesome, majestic throb, more felt than heard. There is a fascination in experimenting with such a phenomenon as vibration, which so peculiarly leaves off being music or "sound" and becomes only a feeling; or, by shaking itself faster and faster, passes the soprano sounds and becomes what we call light. There is nothing that starts one off into dim and misty visionings so promptly as contemplation of the scientific laws of rhythm.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1901.

H. W. Speer has returned from New York.
K. E. Holton left for California yesterday on a business trip.
H. L. Brown is about again after a serious attack of amnesia.
E. Chaffee, of Las Cruces, came down for a business trip this morning.
Miss Melba Beverly, of Fort Worth, is visiting with Mrs. John Dean.
Invitations are out for a tea given this afternoon by Mrs. Houghton.
Last Wednesday evening Miss Manie entertained a few friends at cards.
T. W. Curtis left on an extended eastern business trip this morning.
Mrs. A. Solomon entertained the Woman's High Five club Wednesday.
Sylvester Watts, president of the El Paso Water Co., has returned to the city.
F. P. Smithers and wife have gone to Sanderson, where they will make their future home.
The Woman's High Five club will be entertained next week by Mrs. Richard Burges.

Maxter Oscar Forbes celebrated his thirtieth birthday anniversary at his home this afternoon.
Cards are out for a reception to be given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Loughborough and Mrs. O'Brien.
Last Wednesday evening Mrs. J. A. Happer entertained in honor of Mrs. J. H. Russell, who expects to leave in a short time for Boston.
C. N. Grosvenor, of Memphis, has come to this city to make his home and will be associated with Godfrey Hughes in the assay business.
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Melver have removed to 718 Mo. Grande street, where they will reside until their new residence has been completed.
Friday afternoon Mrs. F. E. Hunter entertained at her Mesa avenue home. Mrs. L. F. Burges and Mrs. Comfort won the prize in the card game.
The arbitrators appointed to appraise the fire loss sustained by Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Cole in the Hotel Elmore fire, have fixed the amount at \$12,500. The arbitrators were T. Holland, E. Krause and Frank Powers.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"IT IS outrageous, especially in a place this size, that thieving, malicious joy riders have become so nervy that a citizen can not even go to church and leave his car in front of the door under the lights, without expecting to find it taken by these unscrupulous joy riders, who endanger the lives of others, damage the car and then hide it in some out of the way place," said Fred G. Billings, yesterday, following the recovery of his car, which was stolen Sunday night from in front of the Presbyterian church. "I realize that the authorities have been very successful in finding the car after it has been abandoned, but believe that they will catch one of the joy riders some of these days, and when it is done, why not let it be an example of the law? It is not a case of a car not being quite so brave. Protecting one's own car with a lock is out of the question, for the reason that if these kind of people will wilfully smash the car windows for the fun of doing it, they would also be liable to use the hammer on the lock. Why wouldn't a substantial standing reward be an inducement for someone to get busy and catch a joy rider or give information that would lead to the conviction of the culprit or culprits, and when convicted, give them a lengthy job repairing our highways, irrespective of family connection? This might be accomplished by those who have been victims contributing an amount to a standing reward fund, with the assistance of the auto club and other auto owners who might be interested."

"There is considerable work yet to be done before the new county hospital can be occupied," said Dr. B. M. Worsham, president of the board of managers, but we hope to have the building ready by March 1. There is considerable furniture yet to be installed and other equipment placed before the institution will be ready for occupancy. The work is going ahead rapidly. The commissioners' court has authorized the board to grade the grounds and put a fence about the property, and this work will be done as quickly as possible. When the improvements are completed and all equipment installed El Paso county will have a very creditable institution."

"The city employment agency, established at the last meeting of the council, should result in reducing the unemployment in El Paso," said Mayor C. E. Kelly. "There are many jobs open to the proper kind of men, and it is a safe assertion that there are jobless men to be found to fill them. It will probably take some little time to get the bureau started, but it is needed and will, I believe, result in bringing many men jobs and finding the proper kind of men for jobs now open."

"Albuquerque is going to have a hard fight for the next ratification convention," said George D. Mann, of Roswell. "Roswell is planning to send down a special train with a live wire delegation that comes in El Paso to 'beat the band.' The Pecon valley is one of the most important sheep and cattle raising centers of all New Mexico and Roswell is the headquarters of the valley. Roswell has many attractions to offer a convention, and it is second to none in entertaining. We understand that Albuquerque is already making plans for the 1916 entertainment—but they had better wait until the handwriting is clear."

"A new form of petty graft has recently appeared in one of the Mexican border ports," said L. C. Crutcher. "Some weeks ago a printing and hand-writing expert was secured and was

THE planet Venus is a 160 carat star of the first water, which may be seen, free of charge, in the western sky each evening, during a large part of each month.

During the rest of the month Venus exhibits in the morning before sunrise. According to the testimony of several thousand milkmen, it is a very fine sight.

Venus is only a trifle smaller than the earth, being 7,824 miles in diameter. It is, however, much younger and may not have got its growth. Telescope observers tell us that a 160 pound man would only weigh 120 pounds on Venus. However, no astronomer has yet discovered how much a ton of coal would weigh on Venus, and until this is discovered, emigration to that planet is bound to be very small.

Astronomers should strive to confine themselves to useful investigations.

Venus is a beautiful star, when viewed with the unaided eye, but it is a disappointing sight through the telescope. It has no canals like Mars, satellites like Jupiter, or craters like the moon. It appears simply as a silvery disc. This is thought to be caused by the dense clouds, in which the planet is always enveloped. According to the best authorities, they do not have any sunshine to speak of on Venus. This, however, is a blessing, for Venus is only 68,000,000 miles from the sun, and is supposed to keep one side perpetually turned toward it as it revolves. Think of waking up at 3 a.m. on a blazing hot summer day, and waiting eleven billion years for sunset!

Venus approaches nearer to the earth than any other planet, at times—about as near as William H. Taft came to being reelected. Advantage has never

the last vote is counted on the last day of the El Paso convention.

"There is a big opportunity for women in the field of architecture and mechanical drawing," said K. H. Worrell, dean of the Texas School of Mines. "Very few women have taken up this work, but they seem well adapted to it and have been most successful. Women make better mechanical draftsmen than men. Because of this, the mechanical drawing department of the School of Mines is open to women students, although we have none at present."

"The quality of the work in penmanship by the students of the El Paso public schools is very good," said H. A. Don, the supervisor of penmanship of the schools. "From their work at this past term an exhibit is being prepared for the permanent exhibit of the chamber of commerce. While I consider the quality of the work done all that could be expected, I hope that in a short time the improvement of the children will be great that the exhibit will be replaced by superior work. The Palmer method in use in the schools gives a very thorough training in arm writing, rather than finger writing, and greatly increases the speed, besides improving the legibility of the handwriting."

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The Planet Venus

BY GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At Good Old Sitwah."



"According to the testimony of several thousand milkmen it is a very fine sight."

been taken of the fact, however. It gives one a lonesome feeling to think of these two aged orbs passing each other, only 25,000,000 miles away, or thereabouts, regularly for millions of years, without so much as a Chautauque salute, by way of neighborly greeting.

The finest sight in the solar system is produced when Venus crosses the disc of the sun in such a way as to be visible from the earth. This happened in 1874 and in 1882, but is not scheduled to occur again until June 8, 2004. This performance will be free to all when it occurs, but such is the impudence of mankind, that few of us will hang around until the great event.

unappointed money inspector. All money must be examined by him before it is allowed to go into the interior. Persons who are going south line up at his office and those having the largest amounts are told by a clerk that, if they are in a hurry, a contribution of say \$10, would greatly speed the wheels of government. When the \$10 is paid the expert rapidly goes through the pile of bills and pronounces them all good. The owner thinks he has made a good bargain—until he counts his roll. Then he finds that the expert has included slight of hand work in his list of accomplishments."

"The United States army officials do not yet realize the vast possibilities of the aeroplane in warfare," declares Walter Brooks, the aviator, who is now at the Paso del Norte. "It is proving its value in scout work in the present European war. In fact, without the aeroplane, there would be a big handicap in using some of the immense siege guns. The only way a proper check can be kept on the range and effectiveness of those big guns is through the use of the aeroplane. The United States will wake up one of these days."

Mrs. BERNHARDT UNDERGOES AMPUTATION OF RIGHT LEG
Paris, France, Feb. 22.—Mrs. Bernhardt, famous French actress, is reported recovering normally from the amputation of her right leg. The operation was performed Monday at a hospital at Archamps.

OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS!

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"Look at Professor Skinclotches! I knew he'd get it if he kept on!"
"What are they chasing him for?"
"Aw, that old coot just eats trouble! He's got up some scheme that he calls 'rent' and 'taxes,' and he wants the town to adopt them. This ought to be a lesson to him!"

Students of the El Paso Schools

PLANTING trees is an interesting event in the school year of many cities. The improvement of the school grounds is a thing of interest to the school children, besides adding to the attractiveness of the school's appearance.

The trees are usually planted by the various classes who consider that the tree so planted belongs to them. It is a custom that is being adopted in El Paso and at one of the schools this afternoon the children are planting a tree on the school grounds.

The pupils of the high first grade at the Vilas school, taught by Miss Louise Laurence, are:

Aurora Arroya,	Frank Bailey,	Florence Lefkowitz,
Henry Ames,	Elmer Gillett,	John Russell,
Charles Brown,	Vivian Granje,	George Ridgeley,
Madeline Courtesne,	Hydon Barnes,	Frank Sombrero,
Frank Duchene,	Cecil Huddleston,	Annie Thornton,
		Charlie Wilson.

The pupils of the second high first grade will appear tomorrow.

Dorothy Dix Declares Unnecessary Truths Wreck Many Households

Nothing Else on Earth So Brutal as Cruel Candor of Near Relation; Continual Reminder of Faults Saps Last Bit of One's Courage.

IF there is one crusade that needs to be started more than another, and to have good backing and energetic pushing, it is against the habit we all indulge in of speaking the truth, the plain truth, and nothing but the truth to those of our own household.

For, strangely enough, truth is a luxury that we reserve almost exclusively for home consumption, and the idea prevails that, like certain bitter and nauseous medicines, the more disagreeable it is, the more efficacious, and the more confidence we have in its working.

Now it is not intended to advocate the telling of lies, or the telling of untruths, but there have been times in all our experiences when we could have wished that those nearest and dearest to us had been Ananias and Sapphira, rather than the veracious Junes that we were. This is only a plea for the suppression of those unnecessary truths that would like barbed arrows, and against which we are so defenseless because the archer knows our too well that he can strike within an inch of which we are weak.

Nothing So Brutal as Cruel Candor.
It has been truly said that there is nothing else on earth so brutal as the cruel candor of a near relation. We take the liberty of telling our own truth, which is too often only another way of saying that we are grossly insulting and impolite to those who are nearest and dearest to us.

Husbands and wives comment on each other's defects and shortcomings with a savage candor. Brothers and sisters say unforfeitable things to each other. And those who are guilty of these crimes against our love excuse their cruelty by saying that what they have said is the truth. As if that didn't make it all the worse! We might as well have been falsely accused of a weakness, but to have our real failings pointed unmercifully out is more than we can bear.

It is to escape hearing the truth about themselves that most people leave home at the earliest possible moment, and go among strangers who are bound to be agreeably mendacious.

Worse than home folks not only feel it their privilege to tell us unpleasant truths, but they assume it to be their duty to do so. Let middle aged Jane, whose heart is as young as a girl, hear a gay young bonnet and go around rejoicing in its beauty. She doesn't go

far before she encounters the family truth teller. "I felt it my duty to tell her that she was making a fool of herself dressing like a debutante when she's 40 if it's a day," says the martyr to self-censored unpleasantness.

Truths That Blight the Heart.
Or else she considers she must go and open Mary's eyes to the fact that the husband she adores isn't all that he ought to be, and she adds, self-righteously, "Of course nobody else will tell you—it's only those of your own family who will tell you the truth."

Alas, for truths that blight the heart and sear the soul with hopeless misery! A lie may be disproved, forgotten. The truth is eternal. That is the bitterness of it.

Somewhat we don't seem to be under the same obligations to tell pleasant truths to our family that we do to tell unpleasant ones. We are quick enough to comment on the muddy dress, the poorly served meat, the children's noise, but we are dumb as oysters about the ninety and nine times when everything was comfortable and pleasant.

Not long ago a woman was telling of her little son, who accidentally upset a plate of soup on the cloth at dinner. He was sharply reprimanded for his carelessness and sent from the table. At the doorway he raised and, with quivering lips, turned to his mother and asked, "What are you saying? You say it didn't make any difference, like I was company? I didn't make any bigger spot than Mr. Smith's when he turned over his wine glass?" Could any better reproof to the mother, who told the unpleasant truth to her child, and the pleasant falsehood to a guest, have been made?

Weaknesses Sap One's Courage.
In spite of all that is said to the contrary, most of us are all too well aware of our weaknesses and failures, and to be continually reminded of them at home saps the last bit of courage and takes the last bit of fight out of us. One can nerve himself for the battle when those about his own hearthstone are reminding him of previous defeats. Yet this one time may be his last chance to win a victory that would atone for a thousand defeats.

There are truths that sting like scorpions, and when those we love lay dead, not the least of the things with which we shall surround ourselves are the unkind and unnecessary truths that we have told them.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

What Has Happened to Hag?
Norman Hagwood says he doesn't write about the shipping bill because he has been unable to accumulate enough knowledge to write on it. This consideration never deterred him from writing about how captains of industry should conduct their business or how his fellow men should regulate their consciences.

Some Towns Has Got to Do It.
Rens will soon be once more in a position to announce that New York and Newport can start.

Industrial Note.
Jersey mosquitoes, it has been discovered, reduce the value of New Jersey farmland \$200,000. All this money represents time consumed by the farmers in slapping the mosquitoes.

Only One Thing Lacking.
Doctor Wiley's advice to take an hour for every meal will be gladly followed by those who have the hour and the meal, but a lot of people who have the meal haven't the hour haven't got the meal.

Maybe We'll Get Used to 'Em in Time.
Spectacles have advanced 50 percent. Another advance and the best most of us can afford will be monocles.

Some May Not Register Saturday.
"A room and a bath for a dollar and a half." Thus a hotel advertises on New Jersey billboards. Why not improve the rhyme and say, "A room and a bath for a dollar and a half, to less plethoric customers by adding: 'A room alone for a single bone?'"

Not Like That in the Olden Days.
"Now! Show 'em! Wait! Hold 'em!" Pretty quiet after wrestling matches and ten round goes in the east room under a president, we could name if we wanted to advertise the Bull Moose party.

THE ALMA MATER.
A school has been established in Sing Sing by superintendent Riley.

When Bill the Rat and Dog-faced Mike and Three-Card Monte Pete invade a gifted cabaret. To do the legs and act. A thrill with joyous memories Of the dear old college days. They thump their scoops upon the board And this glad cry they raise:

Little ones from big ones—
"Chink! Chink! Chink!"
Solitary! Was it merry?
We don't think!
Every one must have his flag,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
SING! SING!

To memories of the dear old col! They drain full many a glass. They toast the golden glories Of the nineteen-fifteen class. And when at last the place is closed And they must say farewell, They tarry at the door a-space And raise their college yell!

Oh! That lookste! Bend your knee! Ball and chain boys all are wel! To do the legs and act. Rah! Rah! Rah! SING! SING!

The Daily Noveltie

WITHOUT A SOUND.

"An has been often writ, An awful fight was it." —Pitt.

IT WAS in primeval America, before William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, even before the talking machine was invented.

Suddenly, beneath the trees under the bushes, the deadly red hordes may be seen creeping, creeping, intent on their horrible mission of slaughter and carnage, not to say murder and butchery.

They make no sound as they come, for their progress is noiseless. There is no use hiding it from you any longer.

They are going to butcher the white! The slow, silent advance continues; the red devils are apparently without number, legion!

But not a twig cracks, not a leaf rustles to signal the dread invasion. But ah, now the whites have been warned by a breathless shout! Shuddering, trembling, they desert their homes and flee.

Well, do they know what that red army means? But, children, do you?

Have you visions of tomahawks and scalpings? The red ants are merely making their annual attack on the white ants, that is all.

FOUR ARE WOUNDED WHEN MEN HOLD UP GAMBLING HOUSE
Tulsa, Okla., Feb. 22.—Four were wounded when bandits attempted to hold up a gambling house here. More than 200 men were in the gambling house and the shooting opened almost at once. J. P. Hahn, alleged to be one of the bandits, is believed to be fatally wounded. A negro porter is also likely to die. The injured robbers escaped. Nothing was stolen.

Abbe Martin

